

SPECIAL PROMOTIONAL ISSUE IN FULL COLOUR!!

FREE

WARHAMMER

MONTHLY



DEATHWING

INSIDE: The tale of Two-Heads Talking





Oh BANECLADE! Wokey, wokey, Boneblade, before I have to get a tin-opener to get you out of that armour. You've got to see this. Some sort of ferol savage is bearing down upon us!



HAW! Don't think I'm being fooled by that old trick, Gutspew. The comic's not due out yet, now leave me to get some rest.

Do I HAVE TO KICK YOU? Now get up and look before this savage takes your head off with that vicious looking tomahawk he's carrying.

Aw, GUTSPEW! You old fool, that's no savage, that's Two-Heads Talking, Deathwing warrior and hero of the Imperium... Gutspew, why are you clutching your head like that? Oh, of course, didn't I tell you? He's a powerful psyker as well. Here, wipe some of that purple goo off your face with this.



Inside this comic...

DEATHWING

Heroic Dark Angels return to their homeworld to celebrate a great victory, only to find devastation, their villages razed to the ground and the tribes people slaughtered.

This comic strip tells the tale of one of those Dark Angels – Two Heads Talking, a Librarian and powerful psyker, read this amazing tale as he journeys alone into the centre of the city where his people are being held in dominion by a powerful unknown force.



As his battle brothers prepare to avenge their fallen and perform the ancient rite of Deathwing, Two Heads Talking stalks into the city to discover the hideous truth about what has happened to their people and homeworld.

GAMES WORKSHOP

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WELCOME TO THE BLACK LIBRARY™

I'd just like to take this opportunity to welcome everyone to this special edition of Warhammer Monthly, brought out to celebrate Black Library week. If you are already one of our devotees then you're in for a treat. However, if you've never picked up a Black Library product before then strap yourself in and get ready for some non-stop action and mayhem.



Here at the Black Library we are charged with bringing our worlds to life. By that we mean taking the really cool worlds in which all of our games are set and adding that extra dimension. So rather than showing you the broad picture – how is an army organised or how do the war machines operate on the battlefield (this is covered in Codex and Army books) – we like to ask questions like what is it like for an individual soldier in the army, what equipment does he need to carry, how does his weapon work and so on? To do this we have a number of different means. We have short stories and illustrated features from Inferno! There are cracking comic strips in Warhammer Monthly, and most recently we have just started a range of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 novel. We hope you enjoy them all.

Andy Jones

FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS
THE BATTLE BROTHERS ASSAID
DEATHWING HAD DREAMT OF
RETURNING HOME TO GALE
WITH THEIR TRIBESMEN JUST
ONCE MORE BEFORE THE
EMPEROR GRANTED THEM
THEIR WELL EARNED
ETERNAL REST.

BUT WHERE PLAYED THE
CHILDREN WHILE GATHERING
FLOWERS FOR THE ANNUAL
FEAST? WHERE WERE THE
YOUNG BOYS WHO WOULD
RACE TOWARDS THEM TO
COUNT DOWN ON THE
BATTLE ARMOUR?

WHERE STOOD THE SPIRIT-
TALKERS WHO WOULD
COMMUNE WITH THE SPIRITS
OF THE EMPEROR'S WINGS?

COME, ALL GUNZ!

THE DEATHWING HAD RETURNED
TO FIND THEIR LOST TOWNS
REPLACED BY A LEVIATHAN A
GIANT CITY, BIG ENOUGH TO
HOLD ALL THE CLANS OF THE
DEAD THINGS, WHICH
REMINDED TWO-HEADS TALKING
OF THE NINE CITIES HE HAD
SEEN ON FAR OFF PLANETS
THROUGH THE WARP.

TWO HEADS TALKING HAD TOUCHED
THE MAMMOOT SCARS ACCORDING
TO THE BATTLE BROTHERS ANCIENT
TRADITION, VOLUNTEERING TO
ENTER THE CITY.

ONLY HE, BEING OF SHAMAN
TRADITION, COULD MEET
A RACE WITH HIS
ANCESTORS TO BE SHIELDED
FROM SIGHT WHEN HE ENTERED
THE DARK PLACE, SO THAT
GODGODS WOULD SEE A
FRIENDLY GOOSE IN THE PLACE
OF THE PSYCHIC TERMINATOR
LEVIATHAN.

FOKENS
ELDER, TALKING
FOR FOOD.

DEATHWING

The tale of Two-Heads Talking

"I say we fight, but we fight as Warriors of the People. This battle is not
for the Emperor. It is for our murdered clans. Our last battle shall be
fought in accordance with our ancient ways. Let us perform the
rite of Deathwing."

Brother-Captain Ezekiel Cloud Runner of the Dark Angels

TWO HEADS TALKING EXERTS HIS IRON WILL, AND EVERY THOUGH HE FEELS THE SPIRITS GNAWING AWAY AT HIS SUBCONSCIOUS, THE SPELL OF PROTECTION HOLDS.

I HAVE NOTHING FOR YOU BOY.

THE LIBRARIAN KNOWS THAT WHAT HE IS LOOKING AT MEANS THE END OF A TRADITION 10,000 YEARS OLD. NO LONGER CAN THE DARK ANGELS REPLENISH THEIR FALLEN FROM THE PLAINS CLANS.



WHAT WAS BEHIND OF MY PEOPLE?

PROO. MAY THE EMPEROR CURSE YOUR EVERY BREATH!

THE STRANGER HAS AN EYES BEHIND FOR A FACE. NA NA.

NO HE LOOKS LIKE WEASEL WASTE. HA HA. A GIANT TURD. NA NA.

I WILL QUENCH THE THIRST OF MY FORCE AXE WITH THE BLOOD OF THE EVILDOERS...

...AND WELCOME THE CHANCE TO PAY homage FOR THE NERVEY THAT HAS UNDOGGED MY BELOVED EMPEROR AND KIN...

TWO HEADS TALKING'S WISH FOR BATTLE MONDOR IS GRANTED. A SHRIEL CRY RINGS OUT FROM UP AHEAD THAT HE CANNOT, WILL NOT, IGNORE.

AAAAARRRR

M-M-BLURF
HURREEE



TALK SEDITIOUS
NONSENSE WILL YOU,
OLD MAN.

PREACH HERESY
AGAINST THE
IMPERIAL CULT
AND WARRIORS FROM
THE SKY, EN? WHY
DO YOU OLD FOOLS DO
IT? BY THE EMPEROR
I THOUGHT WE HAD
SEEN THE LAST
OF YOU.

NO NOT THE
EMPEROR. YOUR
MASTERS ARE EVIL
SPIRITS, NOT SKY
WARRIORS. DEATHWING
WILL RETURN AND
REND THEM
ASUNDER.

SILENCE
HIM!



DO WHAT YOU WILL,
I AM MORNING STAR OF
THE LINE OF RUNNING DEER
AND SILVER EAG. I HAVE
THE WITCHING SIGHT.

ANCIENT POWERS
STALK THE LAND. THE
RED STAR BURNS BRIGHT
IN THE SKY, AND I HAVE
SEEN THE TIME OF
TROUBLE COMING.



FOOLISH OLD MAN,
YOU'VE MISTAKEN THE
ANCIENT SPIRITS WITH
THOSE THAT SPEAK TO YOU
FROM THE BOTTLE.

BE SONE BACK,
THIS IS WARRIOR
LODGE BUSINESS.

WAK



Sky
Warrior!



WARRIOR LODGE?!
YOU DESKNOCKED THE
VERY TRADITION. DEPART
NOW, AND I SHALL
SPARE YOU. REMAIN
A HEARTBEAT LONGER
AND I SHALL SURELY
GRANT YOU DEATH!



TAKE
HIM!



SARINEN BY THE NECESSITY OF HIS ACTIONS, THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS! TWO HEADS TALKING CANNOT HELP BUT PITY HIS KIN.

AS THE MELEE BEGINS TWO HEADS TALKING FEELS THE SPIRITS BEGIN TO PULL AWAY.



BUT EVEN SO, A COLD FURY BURNS DEEP WITHIN HIS WARRIOR SOUL, NEEDING DEMANDING THAT RETRIBUTION BE PAID.



... AND WHERE HE STRIKES, MEN DIE.



UNTIL FINALLY WITH THE LAST BLOW THE SPIRIT GUYSE SLIPS AWAY LEAVING TWO HEADS TALKING REVEALED IN HIS TRUE FORM.

YOU BETRAY YOUR TRIBE!

clung

MMH!

I KNEW THE SPIRITS HAD SPOKEN TRULY.

YOU HAVE COME
AT LAST TO **FREE** OUR
PEOPLE FROM THEIR **BONDAGE**
TO THE **FALSE EMPEROR** AND
LEAD THEM **BACK** TO THE
PLAINS.

WHAT IS
YOUR NAME SKY
WARRIOR?

IN MY YOUTH IT
WAS TWO HEADS
TALKING, APPRENTICE
TO SPIRIT HAWK.

BUT WHEN I ENTERED
THE SERVICE OF THE
TRUE EMPEROR I
TOOK THE NAME
LUCIAN.

TELL ME OLD MAN,
WHAT HAS HAPPENED
TO OUR PEOPLE? HOW
HAVE THEY COME TO
FALL SO LOW?

I REMEMBER SEEING
THE **FIRE IN THE SKY**, THE
BRIGHT LIGHT THAT FORETELLS
THE COMING OF THE
SKY WARRIORS.

BUT INSTEAD OF
THE LEGENDARY WARRIORS,
PALE, UNARMED, FEELER
MEN CAME, PREACHING
LOVE AND HARMONY.

OUR TRIBAL CHIEFS
SENT THEM PACKING,
ONLY THE **WELL CLANS**
WELCOMED THE
TRAVELLERS WITH
OPEN ARMS.

THEN CAME THE **FOUR**
ARMED WITCHING SPIRITS.
I REMEMBER THEIR **CLAWS**
SPREADING DEATH
AMONGST MANY OF
OUR WARRIORS...

HAVE YOU
FINISHED
OLD MAN?

CHING
IMPERATOR
LUX

ALL YOU HAD TO
DO, SKY WARRIOR,
WAS ASK AND MY
WOULD HAVE TOLD
YOU ALL THIS.



TWO HEADS TALKING OVERCOME
THE FEAR SETTLING IN THE PIT
OF HIS STOMACH. CONFRONTED
BY HIS WORST NIGHTMARE HE
DOESN'T GIVE VOICE TO A REPLY.



IT IS NO GOOD
BROTHER. WHY FIGHT?
JOIN US! JOIN US!

ZZZZAGGSSH!



SAVE YOURSELF
SKY WARRIOR.

HUMMM



ARRRRKKK

RRRRRR

Grrrrrrrr...
Urgh...



TWO HEADS TALKING AVOIDS
THE GENESTEALERS FINAL
REFER DEATH BLOW AND AS
HE TURNS HE FEELS THE MAGUS
WILL HIT HIM LIKE A
PHYSICAL BLOW.

TWO HEADS TALKING PRAISES THE EMPEROR FOR THE PSYKIC MADD ATTACHED TO HIS ARMOUR. FOR THE MAGUS IS STRONG AND THE SKY WARRIOR IS TIRED.

HE MOVES FORWARD INCH BY INCH, KNOWING BULTER SHALLE WILL DO NO HARM. HE RAISES HIS POWER AKE.

WITH EACH SWING OF THE MIGHTY AXE HE FEELS HIS OWN STRENGTH BUILDING.

WHY STRUGGLE? YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE BRDD.

THE MAGUS KNOWS ONE LAPSE IN CONCENTRATION WILL BE FATAL.

YOUR...
EXISTENCE...
...OFFENDS...
...MY...
EYES...

DIE, YOU FOUL ABOMINATION. DIE!

EEEEEMAKK

AND AS THE MAGUS'S DEATH SCREAM RINGS THROUGH THE CHILL NIGHT AIR, TWO HEADS TALKING SENSES HUNDREDS OF MINDS ANSWER.

KNOWING THAT THE WARRIORS OF DEATHWING AWAIT HIM, HE REALISES THAT SWIFT FLIGHT CAN BE HIS ONLY ESCAPE...

HE STRIDES OUT OF THE ALLEY AND STOPS.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE WAITING
BARRAGE, STORMMASTER ALMOST
EMPTY. HE KNOWS HE CANNOT
WITHSTAND SO MANY WITH JUST
HIS FORCE AXE.

A RESPECTFUL SILENCE ENSUES.

TWO HEADS TALKING COMMENTS
HIS SPIRIT TO THE EMPEROR AND
THINKS THAT THIS IS A FITTING
WAY TO DIE.

FOR HIM IS BROTHER LUCIAN, FORMERLY
TWO HEADS TALKING OF THE PLAINS
CLANS; BUT NOW A WARRIOR OF THE
DEATHING ANCHOR TERMINATOR
SQUAD OF THE DARK ANGELS CHAPTER
OF THE ADEPTUS ASTARTES.

BOOOOMF
BOOOOMF

I AM THE EMPEROR'S
MAILED FIST AND FOR HIM
I LAY DOWN MY LIFE.

HE MEETS HIS DEATH WELL!

SCRIPT: ANDY JONES

ARTWORK & LETTERS: DAVID PUGH

"Perhaps a favour. In honour of our dead, leave the suits the colour of
the Deathwing. The deeds of our brothers should be remembered."

"It will be so," replied Broken Knife. "Deathwing will be remembered."

From the short story - Deathwing by William King



Minutemen Abaddon